

LOVER

i.

Joe turns the cardboard ignition, presses the cardboard gas pedal, every morning in his cardboard trailer he goes, "brrmm, brrmm, " he needs a new cardboard engine.

ii.

Joe's the biggest thing in his small home by a long railroad in a "huge" town pointing to "far away" cardboard Santa Fe, not the cardboard stars.

iii.

If you could get close enough to the cardboard sunrise you would hear the sound of Joe's cardboard water thumping into his cardboard basin, his cardboard face crumbling. Then soon his cardboard typewriter would start thudding,

"...DER DER DAH DAH DER"

WALLPAPERING

I've stuck wallpaper on my walls,
on my ceiling and windows
and chimney and TV
and washing machine.

I don't want any of the neighbors saying
they're better wallpapered than me.
I've dipped wallpaper in cologne
and then put it on my kitchen floor

and bedroom and bathroom floors
and my canary and goldfish and rattlesnake.
Nor do I care if Clyda comes
to the back door, announcing,

"a wave of violent wallpaper
has swept through Turkey."
Let no one say my wallpaper is violent:
I scrubbed it well with Ajax before using it

on my jersey and skirt and bra.